AN

HYMN,

To be ſung by the Charity-Boys of the Society of St. *Anns*, *Alderſgate*, both forenoon & afternoon at the Pariſh Church of Tottenham on Sunday the 14th of June 1713

Riumphal Notes and Hymns of Joy,
To Thee, our God, we'll ſing;
Thy Praiſes ſhall our Lips employ,
O *SALEM*'s Peaceful KING.

Thou mak'ſt the World obey thy Will,
Whoſe Will is always beſt:
Thy Word bids *Winds* and *Waves* be ſtill,
And chides them into Reſt.

Thy Sacred *SPIRIT* on *Jordan*'s Stream,
Deſcended like a *DOVE*;
Thou didſt from Wrath and Sin redeem,
Thy Law is *PEACE* and *LOVE*.

That *LAW*, by our kind *PATRONS* Care,
We now are daily taught;
Tho' once far off, we now are near,
As thoſe to *JESUS* brought.

May *HE* on every bounteous Friend,
His Bleſſings ſtill encreaſe,
Till they and we with Him aſcend,
To Everlaſting *PEACE*.

To that Great undivided THREE,
Whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
As was, and is, all Glory be,
Till Time ſhall be no more.

N. B. Theſe poor Boys are kept to School, brought up in the Principles of the Chriſtian Religion, found all their Books, cloath'd once a Year, and when they are fit, put out to Trades.

Cut and Printed by J. Cluer, in Bow Church-yard, Printer and Engraver on Wood, &c.

30523

An Hymn

H Y M N.

To be sung by the Charity-Boys of the Society of
St. [illegible] Mary [illegible]
at the Parish Church of
on Sunday the of

Triumphal Notes and Hymns of Joy,
To Thee, our God, we will raise
Thy Praises shall our Lips employ,
O SAVIOUR! Peaceful Days
Thou mak'st the World obey thy Will,
Whole Nations
Thy Word bid, Wonders are to be,
And chides them into Nought.

The Sacred SPIRIT on Jordan's Stream,
Descended like a DOVE;
Redemption from Wrath and Sin redeem,
Thy Laws is PEACE and LOVE.
That LAW, by our kind PATRONS Care,
We now are daily taught;
That once for all, we now are near,
As chose to JESUS brought.
May HE on every bounteous Friend,
His Blessings fall encreas,
Till they and we with Him ascend,
To Everlasting PEACE.

To that Great undivided THREE,
Whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Was, and is, all Glory be,
Till Time shall be no more.

The poor Boys are kept to School, brought up in the Principles of the Chri-
found all their Book, cloath'd once a Year, and when they are fit, put out

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and Parish Clerk, in Bow Church-yard, Printer and Engraver to Wood &c.